odated man is no more but such a poore bare forked Animall as thou art; off off you leadings, come on bee true.

Foole. Prithe Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to swim in, now a little fire in a wild field were like an old leachers heart, a small sparke all the rest in bodie cold; looke here comes a walking fire. *Enter Gloster.*

Edg. This is the foule fiend *Sriberdegibut*, hee begins at curphew, and walks till the first cocke, he gins the web, he pinqueües the eye, and makes the harte lip, mildewes the white wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, swithald footed thrice the old a nellthu night more and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. Whats hee?

Kent. Whose there, what i'st you seeke?

Glost. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poore *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the tode, the tode pold, the wall-wort, and the water; that in the furie of his heart, when the foule fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets, swallowes the old ratt, and the ditch dogge, drinkes the greene mantle of the standing poole; who is whipt from tithing to tithing, and stock-punisht and imprisoned, who hath had three sutes to his backe, sixe shirts to his bodie, horse to ride, and weapon to weare.

But mise and rats, and such small Deere,
Hath beene *Toms* foode for seuen long yeare.
Beware my follower, peace snulbug, peace thou fiend.

Glost. What hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darkenes is a Gentleman, *modo* he's caled and ma hu---

Glost. Our flesh and bloud is growne so vild my Lord, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold.

Glost. Go in with me, my dutie cānot suffer to obay in all your daughters hard commaunds, though their iniunction be to barre my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet haue I venter'd to come seeke you out, and bring you where both food and fire is readie.

Lear,

Lear. First let me talke with t
What is the cause of thunder?
Kent. My good Lord take his
Lear. Ile talke a word with th
your studie?
Edg. How to preuent the fiend
Lear. Let me aske you one w
Kent. Importune him to goe
Glost. Canst thou blame him,
His daughters seeke his death: O
He said it would be thus, poore b
Thou saydst the King growes ma
I am almost mad my selfe, I had
Now out-lawed from my bloud
But lately, very late, I lou'd him
No father his sonne deerer; true
The greefe hath craz'd my wits,
What a nights this? I doe beseec
Lear. O crie you mercie noble
Edg. Toms a cold.
Glost. In fellow there, in't hou
Lear. Come lets in all.
Kent. This way my Lord.
Lear. With him I wil keep stil
Ken. Good my Lord sooth him,
Glost. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirah come on, goe alon
Lear. Come good Athenian.
Glost. No words, no words, h
Edg. Child *Rowland*, to the da
His word was still fy, fo, and fum,
I smell the bloud of a British ma
Enter Cornewe
Corn. I will haue my reuenge
Bast. How my Lord I may be
way to loyaltie, some thing fea
Corn. I now perceiue it was
uill disposition made him seeke h

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.1